NUMB. XXVI.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Si quis nunc quærat, quo res hæc pertinet; illuc:
Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in Contraria Currunt. —— HOR.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19. 1724.

THE Number of my Correſpondents encreaſing, very faſt, I muſt reſolve to diſengage my ſelf from ſome of their Obligations: As many of their Letters, therefore as I can make room for, to Day, ſhall compoſe my *Reader*'s Entertainment.

Oh! SIR!

'WOU'D to Heaven, when you were ſo ſevere upon *MASQUERADES*, you had warn'd us, againſt *OPERA*! you had ſav'd an Undone Woman! and One, who, for ought I ſee, is ſtill likely to be Undone; for, thinking no Harm, where, I had heard, there was no Danger, I am fallen deſperately in Love, with *SIGNIOR* ——, the *Italian*, *What d'y'e call it?* — One of thoſe People with an ill-favour'd Name, like the ugly Folks, in the *Bible*, that waited on King *Ahaſuerus*. — I thought, I cou'd have ſworn, I had been Proof againſt *Man*: But, alas! — He is not Man! — He is a Being, more refin'd; and I am wretched, without Remedy! — I have heard ſome People report Things, to his Prejudice; but I dare ſwear, It was all Envy. — The Men, to be ſure, cou'd never endure him, becauſe the Women were ſo pleas'd with him; and, beſides, He *ſings* ſo much finer than They can. — But, do You think, Mr. *PLAIN DEALER*, That a Man, that ſings finely, may'nt be a good Man, for all his Singing? — I wou'd fain know what they mean, by laughing, when I mention the Value I have for him? And ſaying, with a waggiſh Look, that *No Lion will eat a Lion?* — However, heartily I love him, I did not tell 'em, I wou'd *eat* him. — But I ſuppoſe they mean ſomething, that, I fancy, is not true. No Body, I am ſure, wou'd *think* it, who has ſeen, how he makes Love, in the *Opera's*. — I know where I can ſit by him, every Day; but I don't know what to ſay to him; for I can't ſpeak one Word of *Italian*, but only *Bravo!* — Pray, if you know what One ſhou'd do, in this Caſe, oblige, with your Advice,

Your Diſconſolate Admirer,
FIDELIA.

PERHAPS, this Lady's Caſe is not ſo bad as ſhe thinks it. — Let Her only find out what it is, ſhe wou'd *do* with him; And, for what ſhe has, to *ſay* to him, ſhe may take a Hint, from the following Verſes. — They were written, in *Italian*, by *Milton* when he was at *Florence*, in his Youth; and fell in Love, as *Fidelia* has done, with a Perſon, whoſe Language he underſtood but little of. — They were addreſs'd to his *Italian* Miſtreſs.

I.

When, in your Language, I, unskill'd, addreſs
The ſhort-pac'd Efforts of a trammell'd Muſe;
Soft Italy's *fair Criticks round me preſs,*
And my miſtaking Paſſion, thus, accuſe.

II.

Why, to our Tongue's Diſgrace, does thy dumb Love
Strive, in rough Sounds, ſoft Meanings to impart?
He muſt ſelect *his Words, who ſpeaks, to move;*
And points his Purpoſe at the Hearer's Heart.

III.

Then, laughing, they repeat my languid Layes ——
—— Nymphs, of thy Native Clime, perhaps, — they cry,
For whom thou haſt a Tongue, — may feel thy Praiſe:
But we *muſt underſtand, e'er we comply!*

IV.

Do Thou, — *my Soul's ſoft* Hope! *theſe Triflers awe;*
Tell 'em, 'Tis Nothing, how, or what, I writ:
Since Love, from ſilent Looks, *can Language draw,*
And ſcorns the lame Impertinence of Wit.

Dear SIR,

'I AM an honeſt Man, and keep a *Coffee-Houſe*; and pay Two Pence a-peice for your *PLAIN-DEALERS*. My Cuſtomers are ſo pleas'd with them, that I take it for granted they are worth the Money: But what I think I have juſt Cauſe to complain of, is, that, when a Gentleman calls for a Diſh of *Coffee*, and the *PLAIN DEALER*, If he finds any thing in the Paper, that he is mightily taken with, he makes no Scruple of convincing me, That *He* is as *taking*, as the Paper; — that is to ſay, He puts it up, and carries it away with him, to divert his Club, or his Miſtreſs. — So, he has Two-pence in Wit; and Two-pence, in Liquor: Yet pays me, only for the Liquor; — as if Wit were worth Nothing! — I am ſerv'd thus, ſo often, that, though your Papers come out, but twice a Week, I take 'em in, twice a Day; as my *Account-Book* can make appear, by very woeful Experience. — Now what I want you to ſay, to theſe light-finger'd Purchaſers, is, That a Man, who has no Hair, may as well lay Claim to my Periwig, as a Man, who has no Wit, pocket up That, which I have paid for. — Pray, a Word or two to this Purpoſe, for the ſake of

Yours, to Command,

D. B.

Epſom, May the 19th, 1724.

Mr. *PLAIN DEALER*,

'I AM a ſort of a ſilly *Coquet*; but not ſo happy a One, as the envied *PATTY AMBLE*. — I am ſenſible of my Faults; but, ſince That is not enough, unleſs I alſo confeſs them, pray put me into a *PLAIN DEALER*, that the Party, I mean, may take Notice, how I think of him.

'I diſcharged ſome random Shot, among the Wild-Fowl, at our laſt Horſe-Races; but the only two I wounded, were a *Buzzard*, of the Foot Guards; and a *Canary*-Bird, called a Templer. — The Templer was a Wit; and, I ſpeak it, with a Sigh, — a charming One!

[Price Two Pence.]

One! — He was vain, conſcious, chearful, and as falſe, as my own Smiles were, — My Foot Officer was ſerious, honeſt, friendly: but I thought, he was too Dull. — I receiv'd both their Addreſſes, but not with equal Senſibility: The *Soldier*, I ſlighted, but, the *Wit* became Triumphant. — Now, firſt, my Heart felt Warmth enough, to beat with real Paſſion; and had juſt impreſs'd the Image of this gay, this lov'd, Deceiver; when News was brought, one Morning, That he had bid farewell to *Epſom*, without taking Leave of me, to follow a Flirt of a Fortune, that was hoyden'd away, to *London*. — But, what gave me a double Senſe, as well of my Error, as my Shame, was, That, the Evening before this happen'd, my honeſt Lover, the *Soldier*, had ſlid into my Hand the following Prophetick SONG; which I boſom'd up, for a *Billet*.

I.

BE wary, my Celia, *when* Celadon *ſues,*
Theſe Wits *are the Bane of your Charms:*
Beauty, play'd againſt Reaſon, will certainly loſe;
Warring, naked, with Robbers, in Arms.

II.

Young Damon, *deſpis'd, for his Plainneſs of Parts,*
Has Worth, that a Woman ſhou'd prize:
He'll run the Race out, *though he heavily ſtarts,*
And diſtance *the ſhort-winded* Wiſe.

III.

Your Fool *is a Saint, in the Temple of Love,*
And kneels all his Life, there, to pray:
Your Wit *but looks in, and makes Haſt to remove:*
'Tis a Stage, he but takes, in his Way.

'Now, Sir, what I have found out, too late, is, — That my ſerious Lover, whom, I was ſilly enough to think Dull, was the greateſt *Wit*, of the two. — I wou'd tell him ſo, now I have loſt the Other, but that I am afraid, he will laugh at me.

'But I hope, you'll contrive it, ſo, that he may read it, in the *PLAIN DEALER*. — Pray, put it in, for you can't gueſs the Diſorder of,

Your nettled, humble Servant,

COQUETILLA.

SIR,

'I AM a moſt *Catonick* Adherer to the Old, *Engliſh*, Simplicity; the Vertue, the Bluntneſs, and the Liberty, which were the Ornaments of our Anceſtors. — I have taken ſome Pains to prove, that *we Britons*, ſhou'd not only be *left Free*; but, that we *ought* to be left *Rough*, too. — I am not able, therefore, to reſiſt the Indignation, that riſes in me, at the too viſible Encreaſe, in the Number of our *Courtiers*. — It is natural for our Gentry, to love to ſhine, in that gay Light: But, why ſhou'd *Tradeſmen* be corrupted by the Taſte of undue Dignity? — I cannot walk the Streets, but I ſee freſh Inſtances, in every Corner, of the ſpreading Power of Preferment. The Court Verge, of old, reach'd, I think, but to *Charing-Croſs*. — Of late, it is *ek'd* out, to *White Chapel*, and *Norton Folgate*. Nay, I have been credibly inform'd, That there are Courtiers of great Eminence, in and about *Hockley in the Hole!*

'I SHOU'D not be ſo averſe to this Encreaſe of the Royal Retinue, if his Majeſty's Eaſe, or Intereſt, were, proportionably, enlarg'd by it. — Thus, it is neither Uſeleſs, nor Uncomely, for a Prince to have his *Cow-Houſe*: But there is another Court Eſtabliſhment, which little can be ſaid, in ſupport of, and that is, the *King's Aſs-Houſe*. — His Honour, of this Office, holds his Reſidence, in the Road to *Hide-Park-Corner*: It being Decent, he ſays, that his Dwelling ſhou'd be near his Duty; and, where he may be under the Eye of his Fellow Stateſmen. — I was, the other Day at an odd Chriſt'ning, in one of the Horns of this huge City, where, a newly preferr'd Court Lady was complaining, to her Siſter Goſſips, "How unavoidable it is, in Divided Times, "for thoſe, who are diſtinguish'd by Court Favours, to "have the *Diſaffected* for their Enemies." — I whiſper'd a grave Gentlewoman, to know, what *Poſt* that great Lady held? And was anſwer'd, with becoming Serioufneſs, That She was marry'd to the *King's Muſtard-Maker*.

'HIS Majeſty's *Occuliſt, in Extraordinary*, lately departing this Life, I am glad, it has been reſolv'd, to abolish that High Station: Nothing being more dangerous to the Peace of a Body Politic, than to multiply Officers, without Office. — Yet, there are not wanting imprudent People, who have Hopes of Inſtituting a *Royal Mantua-Maker*, in Place of the defunct *Occuliſt*. — Now, it is quite a different Caſe, where Commiſſions are really uſeful: No good Subject, for Example, can think much of the *King's Pudding-Maker*, and a great deal might be ſaid, in Honour of the *King's Punch-Houſe*. — The *Royal Chimney-Sweeper* is a Miniſter, not of Rank only, but Neceſſity: and ſomething like it may be offer'd, in Behalf of *His Majeſty's Butter Woman*. — But I wou'd be glad to be inform'd, what ſerious Pretence can be urg'd, by any Man, who makes a Conſcience of his Arguments, in Defence of the *Royal Gin-Shop*? — Or, who can aſſert the Benefit, or, indeed, the Propriety, of the *King's Royal Riding-Hood Woman*? Or, *His Majeſty's ſworn Staymaker*?

'TO ſpeak with the good old Bluntneſs of a *Briton*, Theſe are ſome of the luxuriant *Excreſcences* of Monarchy; and wou'd, in the watchful Times of our Forefathers, have been par'd away, for the Publick Benefit. And I will take it upon me to averr, That, unleſs ſome ſeaſonable Reſtraint be ſoon put upon this growing Evil, The Courtiers will ſet up Shops, in the very Heart of the City; where, if, among their other Cuſtoms, they ſhou'd introduce their *Way of Paying*, — TRADE will die of the Inoculation, and leave CREDIT it's Executor. — I am,

Your Friend, and my Country's Servant,

DUKE *HUMPHREY*.

Dear SIR,

'I AM a Woman, who, by the Help of a little Reading, am, ſo far at leaſt, more learned, than the Generality of my Sex are, that a Hard Word does not fright me. But my Husband is a Perſon, of great Goodneſs, and little Knowledge. He has a ſmall Eſtate, in *Eſſex*, and is only, what they call a Sportſman. — We came to Town, laſt Week; where my poor Dear drank hard, and fell ſo ill, that I was alarm'd for him. — The Lady, whoſe Houſe we lodg'd at, wou'd needs ſend for *Doctor Foſſile*, who is, I find upon Enquiry, a Man of excellent Learning; but, to borrow a Phraſe of *Shakeſpear's*, It is *ficklied over*, with Affectation. — When he had felt my Husband's Pulſe, and gone through his Courſe of Queſtions, He turn'd, from whiſpering Mr. *Juniper*, who was in waiting, at his Elbow; and ſaid to me, with a phyſical Air, tho' not the Air of a Phyſician, — "*Maam!* — I have order'd *Mr. What's his Name* here, your Spouſe's Apothecary, to *Phlebotomize* him, to Morrow Morning. — *To do what to me?* cry'd my poor Husband, ſtarting up, in his Bed, — *I will never conſent to ſuffer it, — No, — I am not, I thank God, in ſo deſperate a Condition, as to undergo ſuch a damnable Operation as That is.* — As *What is?* my Dear, — anſwer'd I, half ſmiling, — The Doctor wou'd only have you *blooded*. — Ay, — for *bleeding*, reply'd he, *I like it well enough. — But, for that Other Thing he order'd, I will ſooner die, than ſubmit to it.*

'Now, Good Sir! — cannot ſuch a uſeful Maſs of Learning, as diſtinguiſhes *Doctor Foſſile*, render him capable of diſcerning, and correcting, this odd Weakneſs? — It expoſes him to the Ridicule of malicious Perſons, who, hating a Merit, they deſpair of ever equalling, are glad to depretiate his Character, by making the Worſt of his Particularity. — Since *Ars eſt celare Artem*, the Doctor wou'd be thought more learn'd, if he leſs endeavour'd to diſplay his Learning. I know, I have made a forc'd Application of my little *Latin* Sentence; yet, it will do well enough, too, in the Senſe that I have give given it. — I am,

Good Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

Your Conſtant Reader, *and* Servant,

LÆTITIA LOVELIGHT.

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